

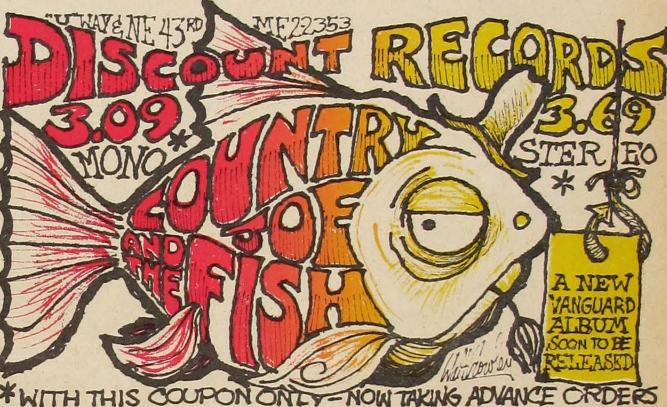




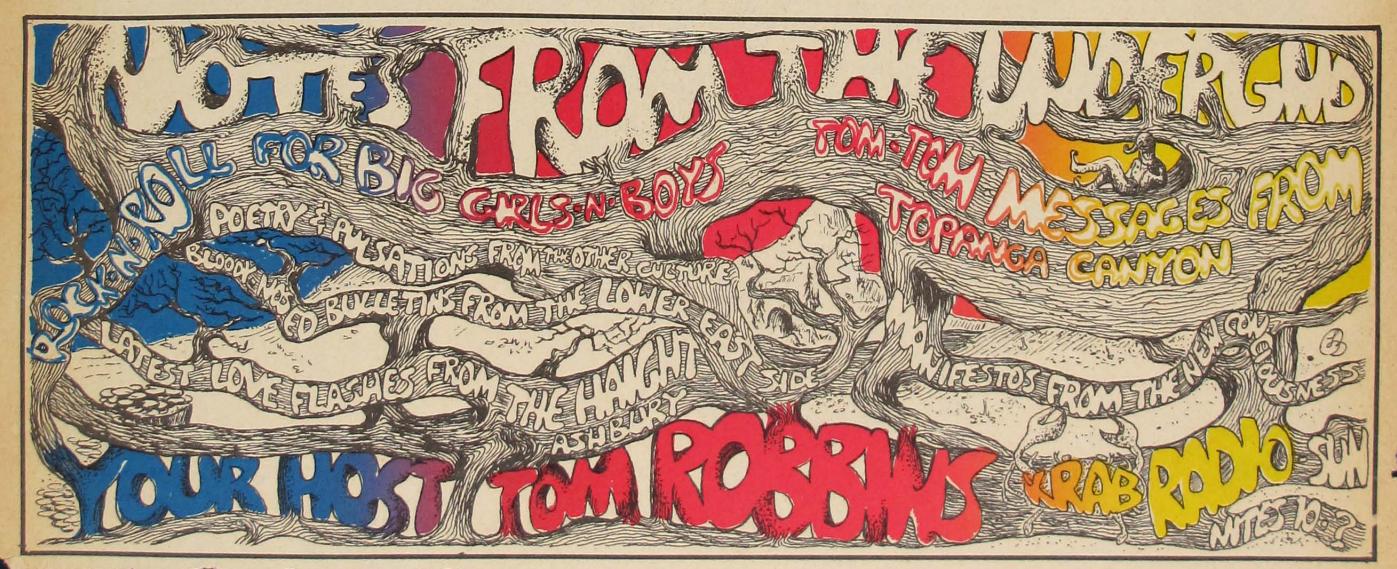
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4526 ROSEVELT WAVE SEATUE, WN. 98105

SUBSCRIPTION











(THE BROTHERS ARE BACK)

.. Relocated at 5824 Roosevelt ..

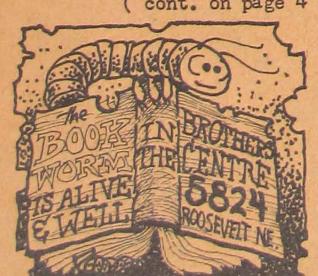
.... but not without the customary hassles. On the morning of April 19th, Sally Delay applied for her business license for the new bookworm: normally a 5 minute procedure. However, the clerk recognized her name and sent her to Bunco. Sally, who has by now habituated an expression that moves somewhere between a grimace and a soft smile, "instinctively" called her lawyer. Dave Hood, who escorted her to Bunco. There she was fingerprinted, had her record checked and was made to wait for nearly an hour - the police had "misplaced" her application for the license. One policeman told her frankly she had difficulty obtaining her license because, "The Brothers is believed to be a front for the widespread distribution of LSD." Of course ...

And again; just after the Delays and Brothers moved into their new quarters, a couple claiming to represent a neighborhood committee, told the Brother's new landlady that unless she evicted her new tenants, they would circulate a petition and boycott the landlady's business:a grocery store nextdoor. After being calmly assured that the sale of drugs was not involved, the landlady gave them full support.

Late one night, two brothers emptying garbage in back without forethought dumped it in the wrong can. A woman, watching from her apartment, started screaming that she was going to call the police. Sally went to talk to her and found her cowering in her kitchen with the lights off. The woman explained she was afraid for her own safety and the safety of her children. She thought Sally would send a "gang of hippies over and do physical harm to her children and herself."

When the police finally did arrive, Sally apologized that they were bothered just to handle a misunderstanding. However one of the policemen disagreed: the woman was truly frightened;

(cont. on page 4)





"...the US is not freeing the Vietnamese, but killing them for profit...Still, they can't fight this war without us....As a revolutionary and a Communist...I intend to join with others to fight these who order us to kill and die for their own selfish gain, and I intend to win."

When Donovan Workman reported for induction, he brought: three friends and an arm load of mimeced sheets—the paragraph above was taken from one of these, and the sentiments expressed are the result of five-years in the radical movement.

Workman is now nineteen. Between his fourteenth year and now he has been affiliated with Tolstoy Farm -- "a ridiculous delusion." Young Socialist Alliance--- "Trotskyite disruptors that will never make a revolution. " Anarchist-Pacifist League, "Petty-bourgeouis subjectivist bullshitters," Seattle Youth for Peace in Vietnam, War Resisters' League, Committee for Non-Violent Action, Peacemakers Catholic Workers, and the Seattle Committee to End the War in Vietnam. He is presently a member of Progressive Labor, which he considers "the first full scale revolutionary party in the US."

The following is, so far as Donovan can remember, a recreation of the confrontation between Specialist Northrup, US Army, and radical Workman, PLM.

D.W. "I have orders to report for induction."(I show orders and S.S.Reg. ID card)

S.N. "I can't allow you in with those." (Points to leaflets)

D.W. "Those are my personal property."

S.N. "I have my orders."

D.W. "Would you be willing to put that in writing?" (I offer pad and pen)

S.N. "No, I would not."

D.W. "May I have your name?"

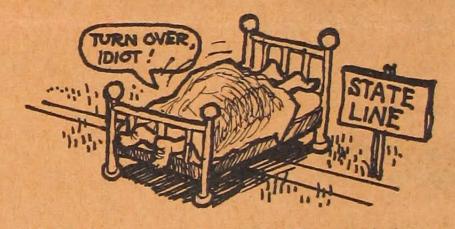
S.N. "Northrop, Specialist Northrop."

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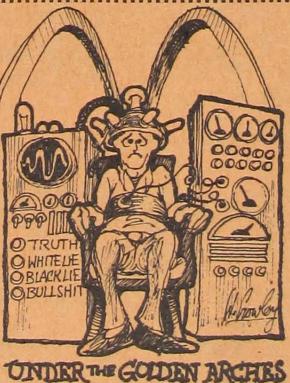
The Brecht Theater and its play, Little Red Motherhood, has poofed to a temporary halt. Nor bang nor whimper, nor intervention of the Authorities stopped it; but the little redwhite&blue MotherGoods who informed their daughters (ranging, for the most part, between 18 & 20) that they could, under no circumstances, participate in such a play. C.B. De Mille Si; Brecht Theater, Non!

When I spoke to soren roedke (who, with alexed semyonov, had written the play) he mentioned that it was a lot easier to (approximate quote) "find talented, eager chicks to go to bed with you than to find talented, eager young actresses." Something about acting requiring commitment...



J. Edgar Hoover, a law-man: "I regret to say that we of the FBI are powerless to act in case of oral-genital intimacy, unless it has in some way obstructed interstate commerce."

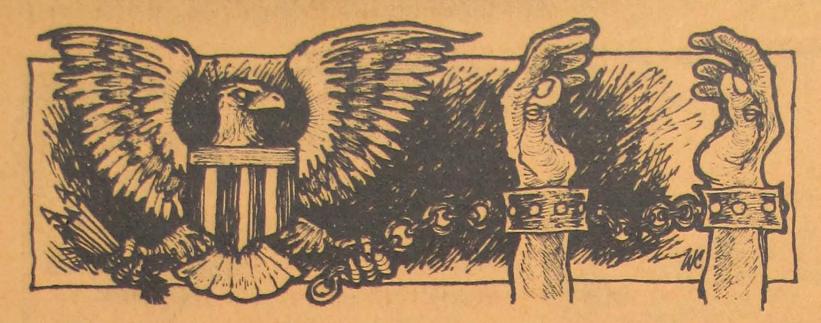
Christian Science Monitor



MCDONALDS HAMBURGERS is tightening up for the long grind to 4 million hamburgers a year Consequence: All employees are being "requested" to submit to lie detector tests. If you don't, Well.... Sons are being sent home to fathers with permission slips. One complained recently to the ACLU & that's where the action is ...







BRVAGHNER

According to Harry Hunke, Deputy Information Officer in the United States Army, twenty year old PFC Michael Bratchner, "...walked into his commanding officer's office in civilian clothing Monday and said, "I quit."

Not exactly, or at least that's not all of it, PFC Bratchner did say "I quit," but somewhere along the line he took off all his clothes, military and or civilian, and when he was ordered to put them back on and return to class (he is a medical trainee), he re-

fused. They hustled him off, wrapped in an army blanket.

Bratchner, who was educated in Holland and Nigeria, joined the army as a medic. At the time, he assumed that hospital work would not compromise him morally; however, he discovered that he was patching up men to send them back to kill and "After months of hassling with a growing problem or conscience, I was carried by a momentum which made me feel that all efforts to communicate were futile. I was carried by a momentum which left me empty but for the act and statement, 'I quit.'" (From a letter to his commanding officer)

After he refused to don his uniform, he was put in the Stockade (willful disobedience of a direct order and failure to report for duty), where he commenced a complete hunger strike: No food or water. When he was discovered to have pericarditis, he was transferred to a hospital ward where he is being held virtually incommunicade, and at all times guarded by an orderly. He has begun to take nourishment.

Though he has not previously been active in the peace movement or in politics generally, he now feels that he would rather die

than do violence to his conscience.

The army regulations provide that a sincere conscientious objector can be released, if he finds that his presense in the army conflicts with his "higher moral duty," but practically speaking, you just don't get out once you're in.

If he is found guilty of the two charges against him, he will be given six months in prison; and when he gets out of prison, the

whole brutal circus will start over again.

The ACLU has decided to take his case, and he is being represented by Mike Rosen; and as we go to press, Bratchner is still in ward 18, Madigan Hospital, and still officially a member of the United States Armed Forces.



ARMY (cont. from p.3)

D.W. "And your class?"

S.N. "Specialist is a class."

D.W. "Would you give me the name of the officer who gave you these orders?"

S.N. "No, I wouldn't."

D.W. "Could he come down here and talk?"

S.N. "He is a very busy man."

D.W. "Could I please enter?"

S.N. "Not with those, you must leave those outside.."

D.W. "THOSE ARE MY PERSONAL PROPERTY."

S.N. "I have my orders."

D.W. "What would you do if I o-

pened the door and walked inside?"

S.N. "The door is locked."

D.W. "You would stop me?"

S.N. "The door is locked; I have my orders. You may not go in unless you leave those outside."

D.W. "Those are my personal property."
(silence)

D.W. "May I have your serial number?"

S.N. "No, you may not."

D. W. "Thank you."

S.N. "What is your name?"

D.W. "Donovan Arthur Workman."

S.N. (leafs through papers and marks black X beside my name.)

--- **স E E G B**



ich some have been smoking lately, intains three cyanide compounds, me of which are worse than the sual" cyanide. It will get you gh, but it will also tear hell out your brain and possibly finally ll you. Better you should get bust

GETTING IT BOTH WAYS

Last week Helix, out after neglected news, reported that the number of) U. S. citizens refused entry into Canada has sharply risen. Now, --(not wishing to lay those leavings at the feet of any one nation)--Helix inevitably reports that actions and relations at the border are reversible. The international bohemian gets it going both ways. A boundary is, down the middle of all, a boundary: a place of judgment and passage. Helix reports: Boundaries, curtains, borders, walls.all vigilant erections in functional disguise.are moral passages when they open and shut. International copulation: sexual strife between nations: phallus as womb--womb as phallus: reversible violence: the customs official as minuscule ego of the nation... any nation.

John Burton: a fine anglo-saxon name: A Canadian on his way to seattle, looking something like a Druid, was stopped at the border. There the rite of passage picked him up. The initiate was asked some questions.

Where were you born John?
Do you work?
where are you going John?
Why? For what purpose? and for how long?
Eringing any paintings across the border?
And why aren't you in school?
Do you have a criminal record John?
And how much money do you own?
Where are you going John?
Why? For what purpose? And for how long?

By a relaxed paternal gesture...John was let through. John reports that the seattle Zoo is much better than the vancouver Zoo. Though the latter has great Fruit Bats it has no Cats.

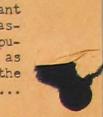
BROTHERS (cont. from p.3)
the situation was serious. So,
the officer concluded, hippies
have no right to exist because
they are infringing upon one of
the basic freedoms - the one
that he had to fight for - the
freedom from fear. And so, because of this, society will continue to discriminate against
hippies. However, no official
action was taken because of
this mistaken identity with the
garbage cans.

And with all of this the Brothers is growing. Though it involves no formal membership, approximately sixty persons attended the last meeting, and that's crowding 5824 Roosevelt. Groups of brothers are designing services for anyone who can use the help.A service for people who need a place to stay or crash, one for finding work, another for selling art work and such through the Brothers center, a crisis clinic for ones who need help should they trip, and a counseling service available for both teenagers and parents.

Despite the less than smooth start, Sally is quite optimistic about the future. "Things are going well, a lot of interest is springing up from all sections of Seattle, people are emerging from all over, and those that have been driven under ground are now starting to reappear."

P.S.Jack is out of town on a short visit south - the Bro ther's houseboat is still without moorage, running water, or electricity - taking a little vacation from trying to find a landlord who knows the score and won't freak out at this skightest provocation.









The ID Bookstore has been saved from an untimely death; Coffee Corral has agreed to revise its policy on minimums. After years of failure a student organization has finally wrestled an audit from the University Bookstore. All of these victories can be credited to the University District Movement, now barely a month old. Despite predictions of doom, fickle press coverage, particularly in U of W Daily, and some embarassing blunders, UDM has done more than just survive in one piece, it has proved remarkably effective. All the more remarkable when one considers the inner tensions and stresses which have been knawing at UDM's gut since its inception.

UDM was born in a backroom of the Free University late in the month of March. There, a small group of people met to discuss the events of the past few weeks which included the eviction of the Bookworm, discriminatory use of minimums at Aggies, an intensification of Police surveillance and, as always, what to do about the University Bookstore. What began as the swapping of police brutality stories soon snow-balled into a planning session for a mass movement of

protest.

Unfortunately, ten people do not constitue a mass movement---no matter how pissed off they might be. Representing every variety of District denizen--student and hippy. Trotskyite and Conservative, artist and Boeing worker---this small

small group set about developing a strategy, a master plan for overcoming the political inertia of the community and

especially the campus.

But, as a real movement began forming and the group grew, the original comradery and unity of the founders started to disintegrate. The seemingly inevitable process of polarization began drawing people into one of two distinct and mutually antagonistic camps---Radical and moderate

Liberal. It was into the vortex created by the beating of these two political wings that Robert Stern strode to assume apparent leadership. Despite the outward appearance of calm, there ensued a dramatic tug of war between the contesting factions, each alternately crying on Sterns' shoulder and manipulating him against the other. Had it not been for the fact that Stern was acceptable to both and effective as a compromiser, the movement might have torn itself apart.

Despite this conflict UDM developed some brilliant tactics and played its cards with astounding professionalism. When the five UDM leaders presented their petitions and proposals (forged the night before in the heart of a blazing Left-Right conflict) to the Chamber of Commerce, Miles Blankenship seized the opportunity to label the movement as a nippy front, debunking the existance of any problems and snubbing UDM. What the Chamber did not realize was that UDM never anticipated a reasonable response, didn't want one, and in fact counted upon a total rejection. The C of C obligingly sacrificed itself on the alter of public opinion, giving UDM the moral edge of being "wronged by the nasty old merchants".

The march, however, almost proved a disaster. When the CofC recanted and Blankenship agreed to resubmit UDM's proposals the Conservative wing publicly withdrew support from the proposed demonstration. The Left realized that without a "show of force" the movement would compromise its bargaining positon and be caught in the CofC's game of limping from meeting to meeting into oblivion. Furthermore, a march was needed to galvanize the movements supporters. So in a drizzling rain the epithets flew, the Radicals calling the Conservatives "Judas" and the Conservatives calling the Radicals "radical". After a vote of hands in which both sides claimed the majority, Stern settled the dispute by calling for supporters of a march to follow him. By the time he reached 15th Avenue the procession stretched for four blocks long From somewhere underfoot the Conservatives' plaintive cry of "foul play" could be heard,

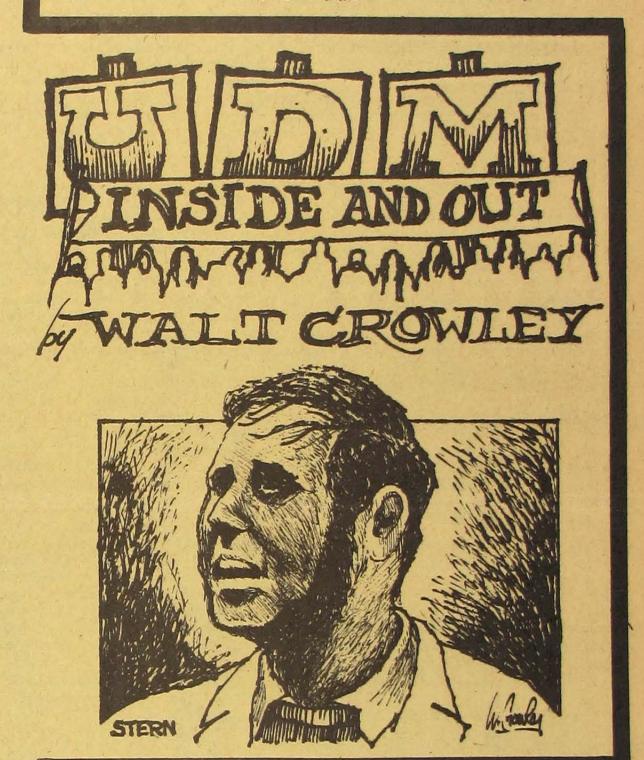
Today UDM is keying up to do battle with what will prove to be its toughest opponent to date, one Don Kennedy. The movement is busying itself in committees, most aimed at getting a bead on Kennedy and the movement appears calm, inside and out. This is not a result of a compromise between the disputing extremes but because the Liberal-Conservative position has been complicated by the actions of those people to whom they wish to cater, The Chamber of Commerce. In pushing an ASUW Grievance Committee, the Chamber has made it impossible for the Right wing to move for any similar compromise without publicly stabbing UDM and themselves squarely in

the back.

Kennedy is a shrewd operator. He seems to have avoided State and Federal discrimination laws for many years and has frustrated investigators including the Washington State Board Against Discrimination. Only time will tell if the young Mongrose can dodge the cobra's fangs---or its own for that matter. But if it were to perish this instant, UDM would not have lived in vain for if nothing else it has established a lasting monument to independent political action, an inspiration for future movements.

UDM HAS GIVEN THIS COMMUNITY A REAL TASTE OF DEMOCRACY IN ALL ITS CONFUSION AND GLORY. IT HAS BROUGHT THIS UNIVERSITY OF AGE---INTO THE 20TH CENTURY









By now, the fate of Muhammed Ali -- boxing's Adam Clayton Powell -- is decided. If he is imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of enlistment in the Army, the coming summer riots will rage with additional ferocity. Negroes know their great champion is being punished for scoffing at the comic-book role demanded of sports figures.

As Stokeley Carmichael pointed out, deferment of conscientious objectors is granted along a vast spectrum of religious belief-but denied Black Muslims. All men are equal, wrote George Orwell, but some men are more equal than others.

Spite, pettiness, and revenge once again guarantee a caldron of civil strife, hatred and chaos. The American Establishment seems dedicated to a program of systematic humiliation of its rebels. Why the champion chose to remain in a country that devotes hectic energy to his destruction is peculiar. At any rate, the underground railroad was not for him.

A STRANGE LOGIC

Because he is America's greatest athlete, the finest fighting machine since Sugar Ray Robinson, possibly the best heavyweight ever, and a renegade unmatched in sports since Jack Johnson, the drama of Muhammed Ali is a stark illustration of the Negro problem in this benighted land.

Caught in the strange logic of its own greed, bigotry, and hypocrisy, the system that despises this young man must propel him into ever greater prominence. Unable to resist using him as the come-on to peddle cardboard razor blades they bate, heckle, and patronize him between fights and bellow with rage when he does their bidding and immolates another sacrifice. He is at once the supreme hate object of America and a household word over the world, especially where there are no houses for his kind.

This splendidly coordinated, generous, brave person appears to share with our last martyred president a quality infuriating to many of us: innate decency. They, who are great and yet good rebuke us, who are nothing and yet evil. Theirs is the unforgivable sin.

Muhammed Ali remains a gentleman in a business infamous for its cupidity and crookedness, full of candor where truth is the Unknown Soldier, long dead and honored annually if at all, talented where pathetic freaks & inept clowns reach the heights through adroit press-agentry: in short, how could we not despise him?

By now, Muhammed Ali must have spent dozens of hours on national television, undergoing a snide and carping running lecture by a sort of human pilot fish who trails him around the world. This baggy-eyed ribbon clerk of cliches, a network sports "personality," subjects Ali to a fatuous scolding--interupted by commercials, of course -- such as no public figure has undergone. This strange spectacle reached its nadir recently with the champion humbly apologizing to this self-appointed arbiter of good taste for "taunting" an opponent instead of beating him senseless.

Yet this gimmick of rattling an opponent is at least as old as this rabbit punch, and much applauded as "colorful tactics" when practiced by a brute of whom we approve. When the high-strung Ali lets fly, however, he commits a shocking breach of etiquette.

STRANGELY RESIGNED

Throughout these degrading interviews, the champion is strangely resigned. He is not an inarticulate, brainscrambled pug, nor a surly tough with hate flickering like banked fire, nor a house Negro with responses predictable as the address of Uncle Tom's cabin.

That he is no fawning Rastus at the mercy of Mr. Interlocutor is well shown by his reply to the weird charge that he brutally tormented Ernie Terrell instead of knocking him out on cue. Ali explained patiently that he tried his best to dispose of Terrell, that for the technical reason of Terrell's defense this was unattainable, and that he was thus required to continue fighting until the 15 rounds were completed, or forfeit his title.

continue fighting until the 15 rounds were completed, or forfeit his title.

"It was not my place to stop the fight," he said. That is why judges and doctors and the referee are there."

"You are not a stupid boy," remarked the fish after a moment, as though

this too should be entered against Ali.

While he displayed no diminishment of composure during this grilling, his resentment against biased journalism appears to be crystalizing. He is already called paranoid for resenting treatment undeviating in malevolence from the entire communications industry, with the natural exception of the few Negro outlets.

"I can't do nothing right for the press," he said. "If I knock them out I'm fighting cripples or old men or bums. If I don't knock them out I can't punch or I'm being cruel. I'm sick of their lies."

OBVIOUSLY TRUE

Ali's accusation is obviously true to anyone with the stomach to read a sports page. His religious beliefs are slandered; his political opinions, though shared by a large segment of the population, equated with those of a Viet Cong suicide squad; his talkative, witty manner rebuked as the onset of mental derangement; his unmatched boxing ability alternately deni-

grated as cowardice or bestial savagery.

All of this is tied together with the gratuitous insult of refusing to call the man by the name he chooses for himself, instead substituting -- a snickering oversight -- the faintly comic, white oriented name from a past he rejects. This petty and puerile trick is a new low even for sports writers, who are justly called the toy department of journalism.

There arises the ludicrous image of a man in his Sunday best beset by a horde of pudgy lap-dogs, yapping and snarling at his pants legs.

Unbelievable as it seems today, this same harassed young man was, until a specific date four years ago, beloved of the Establishment and cherished by its scribes. He, Cassius Clay, was our Yankee Doodle Lancelot who would rid us of the onerous burden of having as our heavyweight champion a bitter Bad Guy named Sonny Liston, who by no stretch of anyone's imagination including his own, belonged to the Establishment or wanted to.

We couldn't bear another minute of that sardonic Liston, who with malicious delight had twice pulverized the sincere and humble hero, Floyd Patterson. Floyd was everybody's favorite: an underprivileged incorrigible who had learned never to make a wave and was rewarded with residency in a ritzy white enclave that walled off his house and ran off his kids to bid him welcome. Floyd took it bravely, as we knew he would, and for Liston to drub him like that hurt us as though Mao stopped off at Burning Tree & blasted Ike, 10 and 8.

AD-MAN'S DREAM

But Cassius would revenge us. Younger than Floyd, prettier too, owned by not one millionaire but nine of them, with the cute knack of writing funny doggerel about his opponents and actually calling the round he's belt them out! He was an Ad-man's dream: a combination of Belafonte, Step 'n Fetchit (before we found out about him, too), and Eddie Guest.

We called him brash and irrepressible instead of loud-mouthed and egomaniacal; cleverly cautious and cobra quick instead of craven and sadist; frank and ingenuous instead of a naive tool being shamelessly used...

And then one day Cassius Clay told us he was Muhammed Ali, and the rea-

I stood belly by jowl with a saloon full of civic leaders and we watched Ali massacre Terrell. It was a subdued mob throughout, taking its punishment stoically, as befits veterans of these hectic times. It roared like a hunting lion the first few times Terrell flashed his vaunted left, caused Terrell to withdraw his picturebook jab from offensive duty for protection of his chastened face.

Terrell was finished then, as all one-gimmick fighters are finished quick against the champion.

MIGHTY WEAPON

Ali has yet to meet a challenger with a complete set of tools, but he can truly crucify the unfortunate with one highly developed weapon. Against the Mildenburgers and Chuvallos, who are so bad they're nearly good, he seems confused and tentative. His brilliance is wasted on these methodical plodders, whose lack of talent is spread evenly over all phases of their profession. They are not so much trounced as melted, so that they leave the ring smaller versions of themselves, wearing the befuddled expressions of people stumbling unscathed from a train wreck.

But when he has the good fortune to unearth one relying on a single well-honed move-Cleveland Williams' fearsome right, Zora Folley's classy hook, Terrell's fabled jab--retribution is prompt. His casual and clinical dispatch of the smooth Foley left the carpers mute. These unfortunates bear the certainty of their own destruction within their very excellence. For Ali, contrary to boxing's holy writ, concentrates on his opponent's strong point. He sets about demonstrating that whatever the other guy can do well, he can do better. It is arrogance of a high order: a chess player essaying Evans' Gambit against Evans.

The sullen chorus in the private clubs and the closed circuit theatres attends out of faith that this Hubris will come eventually to the notice of the gods.

A realist like Liston drops at once like a vast helping of mashed potatoes, preferring to avoid the superfluous and count his loot instead of his stitches. The black-white hopes like Patterson and Terrell--boosted to the heights with the adrenalin of journalistic flack -- absorb lingering beatings.

For days afterwards, the press rages at these battered hulks, as though they were guilty of writing the pre-fight nonsense themselves. Sports writers, usually fat little men whose reflexes end at dodging the check, often despise athletes. Suffering the loneliness of the no-distance runner, they relish columnizing those who sweat and bleed.

Climaxing this tawdry spectacle is a threatened prison term for a black man who asked only what droves of white men receive automatically: recognition of religious conviction.

To Company Presidents:

Can you really afford the time it takes to read this publication?

Banana Bust Arrives: according to the Berkeley Barb, Charles Speed and Neil Alexander were traveling through Texas --- home of the Peyotl cactus, the pathological exercise of the right to bear arms, and Lady "Beautify-that-goddamned-thing" Bird--- when they were stopped by members of the historic Dallas Police Force for speeding.

When the arresting officer went back to his car to call for reinforcements for a thorough search, Speed wrapped his pipe in tinfoil and threw it out.

The second car arrived and, after commenting on the creative attire of the arrestees, "I don't know what you guys are running around like a bunch of niggers, dressing up like a bunch of goddamn niggers for," the police commenced their search. They shortly discovered the pipe and asked the nature of its contents.

"It's bananas, sir."

They were handcuffed and taken down to the station where they were not assassinated. The police found jacks, flowers, marbles, a brownie, weeds and two books (McLuhan and Jung) in their pockets; and jailed both for the night.

The police were brisk, efficient and out of their depth. Charles and Neil varied from somewhat improbable to bleakly inconceivable.

"Why were you smoking bananas?" "They taste good, sir." --- after the question had been asked over and over ---"Well, after we smoked the lamb chops and the asparagus, we smoked the bananas for dessert."

The notebook taken from Speed was read carefully, including a page from a proposed book in illumination concerning the psychedelic mind.

"Speed, you have a weird mind." "I know sir. I try to make the best of it."

One of the officers, expressing his disapproval of longhaired young men, suggested, "I think we ought to've shot 'em on sight." When Speed turned and asked the officer what was wrong with long hair, he fumbled for a moment and muttered something about "a bunch of anti-social queers running around trying to be different."

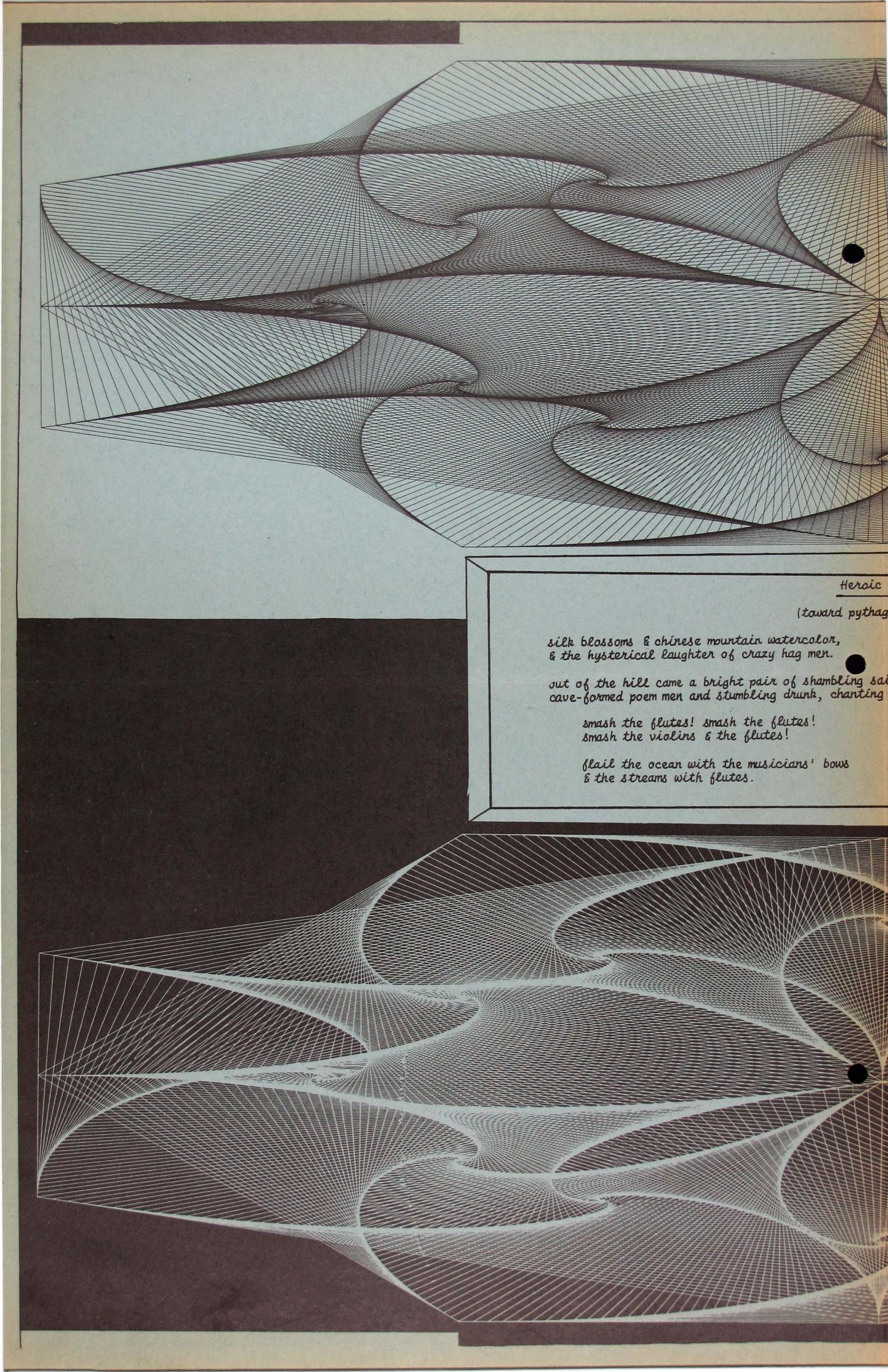
Finally it was decided that the pipe did in fact contain nothing but banana, and the two were released; the police, however, still wanted to know why the pipe had been ditched. Speed explained that he doubted that the police would believe there were only bananas in the pipe and that he hadn't felt like being hauled down to the station.

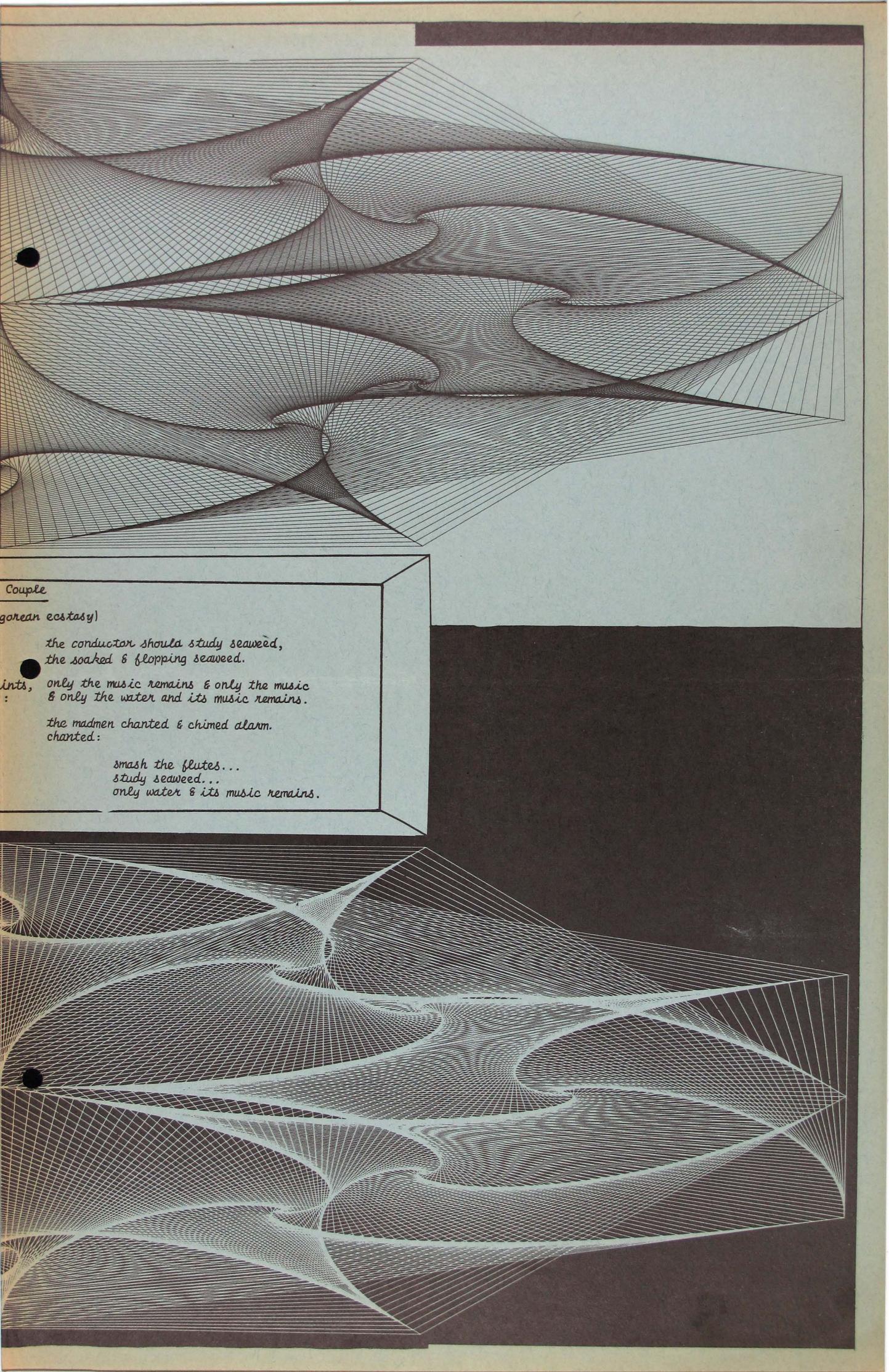
The police saw the logic of this.











It was an honor to be invited to make a few remarks here today.

Soon after accepting this assignment, I realized that perhaps I'd made a gross error. Faced with this predicament, I talked with many of my friends, searching for help. Their reactions were varied. Some said, "You were stupid to accept. You don't have anything in common with these young people.

I didn't agree that we have nothing in common. I think we do. How about this? We were all brought into this world at birth without any solicitation on our part. And at that very moment we were sentenced to death by the same great Creator that gave us life. Between these two events there is a relatively tiny speck of time that is ours. Albeit, of this we are doomed to sleep away at least one third. This we have in common.

Soon we realize that "created equal" means equal at birth and death. But what about that tiny speck of time in between? Man will use most of this time doing things to show his differences, prove his superiority to his fellowmen. This we have in common.

Already you have come to know as have I, that the foot of man has not always made the same track, nor his hands fashioned the same tools; but essentially his problems remain the same. Basically, they are the satisfaction of his physical and mental gnawings, and his fellowman. This we have in common.

By this discourse, it is not intended to bring on distress or hasten despair. I just want to point out to you that all generations do have some important things in common. I want to make an observation and I want to leave you with a question to ponder.

You've heard a few things I think we have in common. My observation is, that in your life time your greatest problems will be people. Aren't most of our rules and laws and even a great part of our Constitution designed to protect people from people? Yes, your real enemy in war or peace will be people. So study them. Read, read, read. Try to find out why they do do like they do do.

Now the question: What are you going to do with this tiny speck of time that is yours? It's shorter than it was when I first mentioned it, and for most of you, one fourth of your total allotment is already

Are you just going to reproduce excessively and multiply the already painfully perplexing people problems? Or will you also sincerely and actively participate in what I believe to be man's most noble efforts on earth -- first his struggle to free mankind from the affluent who gorge on delicacies while children starve for the lack of milk and bread, and second, his striving for peace on earth?

I suppose there are loads of things to talk about. And this reminds me of a story that may prove timely. cracy has been at work on this. All of you know the This risk I take full well knowing that there's probably no story I could tell you, well here anyway, places, modernize the treatment of Negroes; instead that won't be old-hat to you.

I don't propose to dump the whole load here either. I do plan to throw off a few forkfuls as a cattle prod. kind of fertilizer for your thinking.

I will try to deliver this buu--I mean Vigoro, in

four packages: (1) Confusion and Compassion; (2) right in the same community they are soliciting a Communism and Confrontation; (3) Combat and Con- few dollars to help the poor. scription; and (4) Conclusion.

CONFUSION AND COMPASSION

Now a little about this confusion which a lot of writers and most of your elders specify as being the of their defects. universal state of mind of the student today. You are just a generation of confused, superficially animated asci, so they sav. I'm certain your confusion is doubly justified and I'm pretty sure that at least you're not asexual. Let me cue you in on a little secret. These same people that place students in the category of the confused are just as confused. always have been, and always will be. They've simply suffered more years of it and have accepted it as the normal state of man. And thus they are mistakenly surprised that young students are confused.

There should be no wonderment about it. First, you're taught there is a Santa Claus. Lovely thing at the right time. But a lot of people want you to keep believing this for your whole life. In fact, they want you to be about as vibrant and thoughtful as the inhabitants of a second-hand wax museum.

You are taught that Columbus was the first to discover America which is as false as my grandmother's

You are taught that our people can get what the majority wants, by the ballot. Well, we got President Wilson that way because his campaign slogan was, "He kept us out of war." A few days after his inauguration we were in the First World War.

I don't have to tell you what we have now, how we got it, nor what's happened since. You've seen it

You learn that when millitary forces are fighting and killing and enaiming each other with rifles, cannon, napalm and bombs, that that's war. There's something of that kind going on now, but confusingly enough

Everyone talks peace, peace. World peace, while for years our government has sold or approved the sale of hundred of millions of dollars worth of war material to other countries. Confusing?

You're taught how in August 1619 the Dutch manof-war came to the Jamestown plantations and offered by auction twenty Africans, so starting the slave trade and slavery in America. But of course we started slave trade ourselves by capturing Indians and selling them into slavery in the West Indies.

You learn how later we emancipated all the descendents of these Africans. We gave the slaves their freedom, made them subject to the provisions of our Constitution. For a hundred years our great demofacts of the last few years. Oh, of course we did, in of the club and the blacksnake whip, the white man substitued the ultra-modern device of the electric ing ransom kidnappings by communists bands.

We elect officials to represent all the people and they take an oath to do it. Then we read that some take money from the few for their political and personal uses. Surely confusing.

You read the glowing ads for autos only to learn

You're sold drugs, and there are armless babies. You read, you're televised to, you're radioed to, you're preached to, that it is necessary that we have our armed forces fight, get killed and maimed, and kill and maim other human beings including woman and children because now is the time we must stop some kind of unwanted ideology from creeping up on this nation. The place we chose to do this is 8000 miles away, with water in between. I believe there's a record of but two men walking on water and one of them failed. Yes, we must fight out there 'cause even this great democracy, so fearful of its world image, just must not stand by in complacency while village chiefs, mayors, farmers, and others are being murdered by day and night by the believers in this terrible ideology. We're told it is creeping dangerously closer and closer to our shores. This must be confusing.

Surely a decision to get this nation into the predicament we're in, trying to stop these creeps, must have been based on an all inclusive study by those with the greatest of clairvoyance. And there must have been a time-table depicting the untenable position, and irreparable effects upon this nation at the end of 5, 10, 15, 50 years else our government could not have chosen the present course of action. If such an estimate of the situation was not made, our leaders have been derelict in their duties and responsibilities. If it was done, the public should be informed. I ask you, have you read or been instructed about any time-table of disaster for this nation and her world position if we hadn't done and weren't doing what we are in South East Asia today? I haven't.

The reasons fed to us are too shallow and narrow for students, as well as other citizens. Especially so when you realize that what is happening, no matter how carefully and slowly the military escalation has progressed, may be projecting us toward world catastrophe. Surely, it's confusing.

Particularly is this true when we know that a great deal closer there are essentially the same situations which our leaders say made it impossible for us not to fight and not to escalate the fighting in Vietnam. See if this doesn't sound about the

(1) Since last July, Peru's national army has been battling red guerrillas in more than half its states.

(2) Red guerrillas run areas in several states (3) Many businessmen are leaving Guatemala follow-

(4) At least a dozen combat guerrilla brigades We spend millions to build churches in which are operating in some areas in over half of Vene-

in Venezuelan cities, like the Viet Cong in Saigon. We should remember, too, that it's over water and 8000 miles to Vietnam, but there is an isthmus between this country and South America and it's much, much, closer.

It must be a bit confusing, too, to read and hear about fighting for freedom. Supposedly, we have it. and I don't think anyone is going to take it away from us by playing cops and robbers in South East Asia. Even so, we urge others to fight for freedom. There may be a little confusion here. We insist they should sacrifice arms and legs and their lives for freedom. The people we urge this upon in South East Asia, South America, and many other places have no idea of our meaning of freedom. In the history of their ancestors they've never experienced what we expect them to understand and fight for. The word or even the idea is not in the mores of their people... Freedom will remain a foreign word and idea to these people until scores of them are brought here for six months or a year and then returned to their native lands to sing to their fellowmen the song of freedom with notes of music they can understand.

These masses of people and their ancestors have always lived where the few have everything. Everything that is produced by the burdensome labor of the many. And the many have nothing except for the barest subsistence and not always that. Even as little as \$150.00 a year. In many cases much, much less. In fact, in their memory, they've never had as much as a pot to -- well, they've not even had a pot.

I want to tell you, I don't think the whole of South East Asia, as related to the present and future safety and freedom of the people of this country, is worth the life or limb of a single American. But maybe the people are and maybe the people of South America are, too. And maybe that's confusing.

I believe that if we had and would keep our dirty, bloody, dollar-crooked fingers out of the business of these nations so full of depressed, exploited people, they will arrive at a solution of their own. That they design and want. That they fight and work for. And if unfortunately their revolution must be of the violent type because the "haves" refuse to share with the "have-nots" by any peaceful method, at least what they get will be their own, and not the American style, which they don't want and above all don't want crammed down their throats by Amer-

Time and history has proved how wrong our leadership was about Mexico in the second decade of this century. More recently, perhaps there's a lesson or two to be heeded in the Indonesian situation, also.

Until you're 21 you can't vote. Can't participate in this great democratic process, where some are well along, still kept from the polls by threat, where a vote can still be bought for two dollars or a half-pint of that was easy to sell to the right people. But the whiskey, where many don't vote because they feel it's attainment of the goal is strictly dependent upon a useless.

But you can make your voice heard. You don't have to be a vegetable 'til you're 21. You can dem-

onstrate. Historically, demonstrations intended to bring unrealistic regimes to heel have on balance produced good for the exploited masses. Brought to mind are Magna Charta, Joan of Arc, India, South American countries, China, the Buddhists in South Vietnam, and where would the Negro be today without the demonstrations of the recent past which awakened many sleepy American whites? It may be well that this technique. has finally come in an exploding fashion to America and American students. It shows that you are thinking. That you're interested and want to do something to be heard. That you're going to grow up as participants in America and her future. That you don't intend to sit ignorantly and idly by and watch this world panorama of confusion trot by under camouflage and not express yourselves about how you want the future to be. The future that will soon be your responsibility.

For this confused state ascribed to students by those senior citizens I mentioned earlier, they give you compossion. They say youth was always that way, at least in their elder's day.

COMMUNISM AND CONFRONTATION

(This is only the second time I have ever used the word communism in over 100 talks, the first was a few minutes ago.)

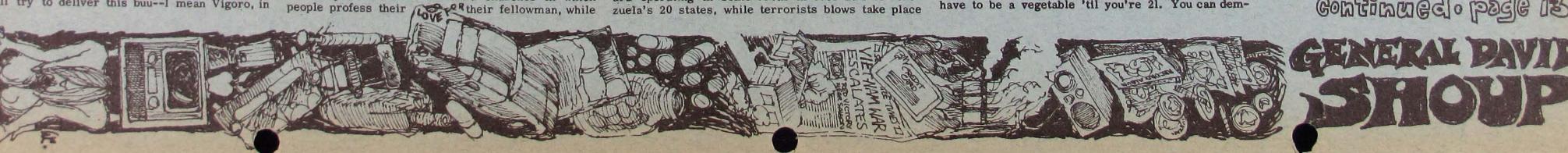
Peculiar? Yes. But, it can be said that we seem, forever to be menaced by something red. 190 years ago it was the bodies of men wrapped in red-coats. Today it is the minds of men that are warped into belief in a theory of visionary and impractical nature, communism. Those that espouse it, we call reds. This isn't that holds forth the promise that finally man shall have share and share alike of all things is not readily cast aside by the masses who for generations upon generations have shared not at all.

And likely as not when they tried to share they got the pike. But it is the goal of this theory and it's supposed to happen right here on earth where man can experience it with his physical senses. It is not a goal like the Happy Hunting Grounds, Heaven, or Valhalla which must be imagined. Not any great salesmanship is needed to sell this ideology to the longing, eager, wanting masses of deprived, depressed, distressed people.

I say, that today there is no such thing on the face of the earth as a communistic state. I believe the nearest thing to it was right here in America, in Iowa and New England some years ago. I feel certain that there never will be such a thing as a communist state. Sure there are some where the idea has been sold to or forced upon the people, and there are several countries where the selling is pretty

Yes, Marx and Engels contrived an idea for a goal complete metamorphosis of human nature, which I

Continued o page 13





220,000 say NO to war

It would be easy to say that the Press lied. After the march was over and we were all back on the bus reading the papers at two in the morning, everybody started yelling "Liars! Goddamn liars!" But that's not true. The Press reported that there had been a march, and that it had been peaceful for the most part. Therefore you can't say they lied.

What they did was distort. First of all they played footsy with the figures. The number of marchers that has been agreed on by the Press is 125,000 in New York and 50,000 in San Francisco. At the end of the march, there was a rally in Kezar Stadium in Golden Gate Park. Kezar has a capacity of 62,000 and it was completely full of people. There were people sitting in all available sitting-places, people lined up around the top, people standing in the aisles, people down on the track, and the monitors kept chasing people off the field. So there were at least 62,000 people in San Francisco. One facile reporter got around the Kezar Stadium figure by saying everybody sat far apart.

The grossest piece of distortion is one I suppose we should be used to, but it's still hard to stomach. It is not true, as the Press would have everyone believe, that the marchers were all hippies and/or irresponsible malcontents. In San Francisco, the marchers were divided—more or less—into three groups: business & professional, labor, and students & hippies. I have never seen such a cross-section of humanity in my life. It was beautiful—all kinds of people, and they were all there for the same reason. There was a group of 150 doctors and nurses up from the med school at

Stanford, men in business suits, women who looked like they were on their way to a Junior League luncheon, hundreds and hundreds of kids, mothers pushing babies in strollers, working men from locals all over the area. There were also a lot of hippies. I talked to one hippy who was beautifully bedecked in beads and bells and dressed in flowing garments. Later, I saw a picture of myself in conversation with this particular hippy. I also talked to a group of about thirty priests and nuns, but I saw no picture of that. Nor did I see any pictures of anyone who looked "conventional," although the conventional people made up about two-thirds of the marchers. At one point in the rally, a small group of pro-war counter-demonstrators marched into Kezar and were immediately surrounded by monitors. The man on the P.A. system said, "For once we outnumber them, so let them march in peace." They went all around the Stadium and there was some booing and one short scuffle with one man. Later I read that "after a fight the counter-demonstrators were ejected." They weren't ejected; they walked out.

What I remember most, after the hugeness of the crowd, was how happy everyone was. There was a terrific sense of joy and affirmation that pervaded the march. The Press is now saying that this means no one was serious and everyone was just out for a lark --"demonstrating that Americans in the springtime like to have fun," as Time put it. That's an easy way out. It was too big and too beautiful to ignore. 220,000 people saying no to the war means something, even

if everybody was smiling.

- Ann Fetter

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Pretty little 16 year-old middle-class chick comes to the Haight to see what it's all about and gets picked up by a 17 year-old street dealer who spends all day shooting her full of speed again and again, then feeds her 3000 mikes and raffles off her temporarily unemployed body for the biggest Haight Street gang bang since the night before last.

The politics and ethics of ecstasy. Rape is as common as bullshit on Haight Street. The Love Generation never sleeps.

The Oracle continues to recruit for this summer's Human Shit-In, but the psychedelic plastic flower and god's eye merchants, shocked by the discovery that increased population doesn't necessarily guarantee increased profits at all, have invented the Council for a Summer of Love to keep us all from in-

terfering with commerce.

Kids are starving on The Street. Minds and bodies are being maimed as we watch, a scale model of Vietnam. There are people -- our people -- dying hideous long death among us and the Council is planning alternative activities. Haight Street is uglyshitdeath and Alan Watts suggests more elegant attire.

What does it feel like to be one of the HIP Merchants? To know that you, personally, from the most cynical of greedy motives, have done this to

all of these people!

Well, I'll tell you: it doesn't feel like that at all, because if that's who you are, then you're very careful not to notice what you've done. Even now, when the dying sprawl across the doorsteps and have to be swept off before you can open the store. The selectively expanded consciousness does not

notice misery. Misery is not beautiful.

The HIP Merchants -- the cats who have sold our loverly little psychedelic community to the mass media, to the world, to you -- are blithely and sincerely unaware of what they have done. They're as innocent as a busy-fingered blind man in a nudist colony. They don't see hunger, hip brutality, rape, gangbangs, gonorrhea, syphilis, theft, filth. They walk in their own beauty down Haight Street and if they see the shit at all, they deplore it and say that Somebody should do something about it. Sometimes they complain about shop-lifting.

They do not realize that they and Uncle Timothy have lured an army of children into a ghastly trap from which there is no visible escape. They do not see that they are destroying a whole generation of American youth.

And why should they? They are what they are; businessmen, salesmen, money counters. They see what businessmen see: business. Once you don't have any more money to spend in their plastic paisley shoppes, they stop seeing you. You become invisible.

That is, they're really good people in their way, but they have their limitations. \$\$25558 That's as far as they go.

They're suspiciously careful never to go any farther, but I still

think they're basically good people. No, make that nice people. Adolf Eichmann was a nice person, too.

If it hasn't happened to you yet, and you want to see what the psychedelic utopia is like, go up to 1350 Waller and sit in the diggers' office for a few hours. Listen to the stories. Look at the casualties. If you dare.

The HIP Merchants have lured a million children here recklessly and irresponsibly, and now that the children are arriving, more and more every day, the HIP Merchants are maintaining their irresponsibility with an iron-

clad firmness that borders on criminal insanity.

Only the despised diggers are acting in anything like a responsible manner in this growing tragedy the merchants have imposed upon us, and you know what the merchants think about the diggers. When one of the diggers, exhausted as early as last February, asked the merchants to help feed & house the millions they've lured here, the holy merchants accused him of threatening to bomb their sacred stores. [This is the only full-scale lie I've caught them in--I was there and heard what was really said--but this is such a skillful one (it got in all the papers, underground and straight, in record time) that I'm sure they practised beforehand.]

The closest the merchants have come to coping with the problems of the summer that is already upon us is a beautiful thing called The Kiva, which may open by September if at all, and which only deals with the merchants' problems.

Why have none of the merchants undertaken to pay the rent on a pad where the dropouts they've seduced can crash? Why have none of the merchants volunteered to feed their victims? Why is it left to the penniless diggers to do this?

The Oracle, I admit, has done something to ease life on Haight Street; it's hired street kids to peddle the paper. Having with brilliant graphics and sophomoric prose urged millions of kids to Drop Out of school and jobs, it now offers its dropouts menial jobs. That's hypocritical and shitty, but it's something. It means that a few dozen kids who can meet the Oracle's requirements can avert starvation whenever the Oracle comes out. Groovy.

And why hasn't the man who really did it to us done something about the problem he has created? Why doesn't Doctor Timothy Leary help the Diggers? He's now hard at work on yet another touring Psychedelic Circus at \$3.50 a head, presumably to raise enough cash to keep himself out of jail, and there isn't even a rumor that he's contributed any of the fortune he made with the last circus toward alleviating the misery of the psychedelphia he created.

Tune in, turn on, drop dead? One wonders. Are Leary and Alpert and Tave and the Oracle all in the same greedy place? Does acid still have to be sold as hard as Madison Avenue still sells

sex? What do these Nice People really mean by "Love"?

Yes, one certainly does wonder. Meanwhile the diggers (who have their faults, as those hours in the office will show you) hardly every talk about love. It's a word you'll hardly ever hear at the free store. They're too busy doing it to talk about it.

"Diggers are what diggers do." But not just diggers. People are what people do. By this standard, the HIP supersalesmen are fit to have lunch

with the president. Are you aware that Haight Street is just as bad as the squares say it Have you heard of the killings we've had on Haight Street? Have you seen the kids who've been beaten up? Have you seen dozens of hippies watching passively while some burly square beats another hippy to a psychedelic red pulp? Have you walked down Haight Street at dawn and seen and talked with the

The trouble is probably that the HIP shopkeepers have believed their own bullshit lies. They believe that acid is the answer and neither know nor

care what the question is. They think dope is the easy road to God. "Have you been raped?" they say. "Take acid and everything'll be

groovy. "

"Are you ill? Take acid and find inner health."

"Are you cold, sleeping in doorways at night? Take acid and discover your own inner warmth."

"Are you hungry? Take acid and transcend these mundame needs." "You can't afford acid? Pardon me, I think I hear somebody calling

me. # I don't know what they'd say to the little girl who got gang-banged. They might not even believe it, since it's part of their religious creed that

acid makes everybody automatically BeAuTiFuL, and therefore nobody would do that to a little girl. They might (as The Examiner certainly would) say that since the little girl had the clap before she was gangbanged, it's obvious that she wasn't gangbanged at all, but went through the whole ghastly business willingly, as if that made a real difference.

They would never believe that they are guilty of monstrous crimes against humanity. They won't believe it after they read (and noisily complain about) this paper. They won't believe it this summer, when the Street recks of human agony, despair and death death death. If they were brought to court for their crimes, they'd be dragged to the gallows acreaming perfect innocence.

The only man among them who'd believe it is Bill Graham, and only because he simply does not care.

Look: the psychedelic merchants are shit. Low grade deliquescent

turds. Criminals. Murderers. Honorable thieves. They are The System, playing The System's games in The System's way, and they don't give a flaccid fuck about you or me or any of their sheep. They' re interested in themselves, money and each other, in that order, and in absolutely nothing else. They have shirked every responsibility they' we taken on. If there were anything like justice in this country, they'd be in heavy trouble, but there's no such thing so forget them. Do unto them as they are doing unto you.

Until they start doing something more constructive than selling beads and mandalas, they deserve from you neither respect nor honor nor honesty

Fuck'em. Hard. And that goes for Uncle Tim, too, who turned you on and dropped you into this pit.

Love, by all means, but love People, not money, not those warped creatures who only love money themselves.

And if you want to see (and feel and touch and smell and taste and know) what love there actually is in this so-called community, go to the diggers, who aren't as pretty or as clean as the merchants, but who are Real Men, not plastic flowers, and who can love and be loved like Real Men, and who think you're something more than an easy source of fast bucks.

For all of their messy imperfections, the diggers are the only human beings in the psychedelic ghetto. They're the only people here who aren't out to pick your pockets. They're the only people here who aren't so full of moldy bullshit that they have to wear perfume to mask the stench. The diggers and the Radha Krishna Temple, and the diggers don't even require you to believe in anything.

The merchants are going to scream at me for saying all this. They're going to come storming up my stairs yelling all manner of unlovely words, threatening all kinds of loveless threats, being totally upset and shooting off in all directions. Fuck'em. If they want to talk to me, here's what they 11 have to say:

*If Timothy Leary contributes a few grand to the diggers (who else is there?) to open and maintain pads for psychedelic indigents, I'll agree that

maybe Timothy Leary isn't full of shit after all.

*If the Oracle ploughs less of its money back into the paper and more of it into the welfare of the kids on the Street, I'll grant the possibility that the Oracle may be something more than a poorly edited, sleazy, opportun -

*If any HIP merchant spends any appreciable amount of the wealth he's coining off of you to alleviate the problems he's seduced you into, I'll admit that that particular merchant may well be a human being instead of prettified monster of moneylust, unworthy of any man's respect.

*If the Council for a Summer of Love performs acts of love instead of polishing the Hippy Image and persuading The System that hippies are solid, hard-spending consumers like everybody else, I'll concede that the Council is not the cheap commercial scum it currently seems to be.

*If anyone but the diggers undertakes to feed the hungry, comfort the sick, shelter the homeless, clothe the naked and restore some measure of human dignity to Uncle Tim's children, I'll be very much surprised.

*If any of these mercantile phonies proves me wrong, I'll apologize

in print in the grandest style imaginable.

But I don't really expect to have to. The hucksters will find it easier to denounce me than to correct themselves, and that, oh my brothers, is exactly what they'll do. But at least we all know now exactly where they're at. Remember that.

Chester Anderson April 16, 1967

It's not all good. I mean the psychedelic scene, the love revolution. the Haight-Ashbury, and all the other phenomena related to the Hip revolution now (we hope) happening. The following article is the truth, at least one part of the truth. Unlike most articles putting down the scene, it's not written by a square: Chester Anderson is an old head who knows his scene and a lot of others well. He's not against love, he's against using the word "love" as an excuse to exploit other people without giving; he's not against drugs, he's against misusing them; he's not against Freedom, but against using that freedom to hurt other people. And he's against Hypocrisy--unconditionally. So am I. What he says is happening IS happening. I've seen it myself, in San

Francisco, and on other scenes. Of course it doesn't just happen in the Haight Ashbury, or in other Hip enclaves: it happens in the straight world, all the time. It's happening in Viet Nam, too: little girls are being raped, people are being starved and robbed, helpless human beings are burnt alive -- by FOTH sides -- all in the name of Freedom. It's been happening as long as human bilings have been human -- and the First Murderer probably told the other cave men that he was doing it for their own good, to make the world safe for love, for free

The difference is, of course, that this is OUR scene, that this tim it's supposed to be different. We're all used to the hypocrisy of the Straight Scene, we know we can't expect love and justice from the Others. So we're making a New Scene, Our Own Scene, where things are going to be different. they'll be the way they ought to be. Only what do you do when the Others turn out to be Us?

Like every Hippie in the world, I've had the dream of the Perfect Community, the Society of Love, the Holy City on earth. And I still have it: I don't want to live in a world full of hate and fear; I don't want to spend nine-tenths of my time defending myself against other people, but I recognize that talking ain't gonna make it so. A few hundred micrograms of acid is not going to make a saint out of an ordinary human being, formed by the tensions and fear and greed of the world we've all grown up with. The most it's going to do is to give some people the chance to SEE that there's another level of m existence, another way to act and feel. It's hard work to be good. The bad things, the greed, the hate, are there in all of us, and we have to work hards all the time to make sure we don't let them come out and harm other people. If you've been poor and hungry, and you know the power that money gives -- and in our society you can't help knowing -- then it's hard not to snatch at any chance of it, and damn the consequences. And if you've been starved for love, you've grab at anything that even looks like it. And if you're 17, and just escaped from a schoolroom in Kansas where you've never heard anything but lies and hypor -critical rules with no reason behind them, then it's hard, when you come to the Big Scene, not to believe everything you hear, all the people who tell you that



the light test

You "see" here the Parkin-Larkin report: the original police report concerning the by now notorious Free University Light Show-Dance. It is about as evident here as it was before the City Council when they said "NO. "For the police it is an especially embarrassing report. Political pressures have been such that it is again time to make application for a dance permit...with a light show. This the OCS is doing today. Wednesday, the 26th. Next week HELIX will publish a special supplement analyzing this whole political mess. We will report on whether the OCS got their liscence and what will likely happen if they did not, (Other reports -- the BE-IN and the ID trial)

civilizing the whites

Since Carmichael is now gone and there have been no riots it is once again time to go searching for the city's sense of humor. But, of course, a sense of humor requires a detachment that too often turns upon itself and the riotous menagerie of its own fancies.

So the School Boards' action, as a little paradigm for a whole history of white projection, failed to see its attempted ban of Carmichael as the by now habituated attempt by Whites to put at the feet of Blacks its own guilt. (Habituated and so potentially humorous like the compulsive machinery of any cartoon.)

Another insertion in the white dictionary: as Carmichael said, the white dictatorship of definition, interpretation and conscience. I.E. should we call it "riot" or "rebellion"? The white dictionary has it "riot" and the white school board would have Carmichael potentially resonsible. michael, with the ironic advantage of having been a drop-out from birth, called it "rebellion" and fixed the responsibility where in fact it resides: in the white establishment which has the power but not the conscience.

Carmichael "instructed" whites to civilize themselves This will require of most of us an active detachment from our own fetished selves. A "true belief" with a "sense of humor."

SHOUP (cont. from p.10)

contend will never come to pass. Do you think that parts of the five years in China, and what I know of permit a situation to come to pass where they and their family will be allotted two hours on Thursday on the state yachts, and the floor sweepers in the plants get exactly the same thing? Don't believe

The leaders of these nations with the goal of communism know full well it won't come to pass, either.

The same leaders who sold the idea to the masses also described to them the long arduous, treacherous pathway of self-sacrifice and deprivation which must be followed to get to this great goal of their eventual salvation. Further, they empasized that there must be competent leaders during this trek to help navigate these perilious ways. And who are these leaders to be? Why the same people who sold the idea of the great goal. Of course, they know there'll be no arrival at the promised destination. They just mean to keep on leading those they have duped. They never intend to divide up their lion's share.

In fact, the U.S.A. unwittingly or at least on an unplanned, unforeseen basis has helped to steer Russia further and further away from the goal of

Russia had no nuclear weapons. We encircled her with nuclear bombs and missile bases. With missiles, I might add. By so doing we gave her the greatest psychological booster possible. One thing they could not conjure up themselves. The bombs and missiles were there. Whose were they? Uncle Sugar's. And who does Uncle intend to use them on? Who does he threaten? The great homeland of the Russian people. From here it was easy to get these people to forego butter for guns. To sacrifice and toil cheerfully so they could have some weapons to protect their homeland from the threat of destruction or at least to be able to wreak heavy damage on the nation who sighted in these missiles on Russia. They did it. They have the weapons. Weapons enough to shove everything above ground in Western Europe, including the British Isles, right out into the Atlantic Ocean. And enough of the trans-continental weapons to clobber. America from coast to coast and produce unacceptable destruction. That's what they confront us with. We confront them with a like predicament. Perhaps we should thank God for this balance of confrontation. Thank God that hopefully America and Russia have finally realized that there are things an H-bomb cannot do.

An H-bomb cannot project national policy ashore.

An H-bomb cannot restore law and order. An H-bomb can only destroy.

Of course, while Russia was building this weaponry we spoke of, she also put up the Sputnik, several space vehicles, moon shots, etc., etc. Yet, believe it or not there are some people in America so unrealistic they still think the Sputnik was a fake. But what now for Russia? Under the umbrella of protection which they so dearly paid for there is time and security for having a little more butter, a few more bicycles, more automobiles, radios, televisions, and more of other things and things and things. And more and more people are being paid in accordance with their personal ability to manage or produce. The goal of communism becomes less and less desirable to more and more people. A kind of capitalism emerges. The idea of communism is fading, except to the minds of those where an acceptable participation in the having of material things has not yet come to pass.

Who will gainsay that most of the Russian people are not better off today than they've ever been before? And to what must the credit be given? The system

they've been working for, of course. We provided Chins with the same booster. She has reacted the same. From my experiences over

ients, the managers of business, will ever conditions there today, I'm sure that more Chinese know where tomorrow's food is coming from than ever in the history of living man. And to what must go the credit? The system they're serving under.

The alienation of the friendship of the great and wonderful Chinese people will surely vie for decades to come as the greatest blunder this country ever made in her relations with other nations, unless the final results from our Vietnam commitment overshadws

You say, what about the Republic of China vis a vis Red China? I reply, time is on the side of the one with the bigger hunk of earth. And that's not Taiwan.

They admonish: 'You must strive for peace--but not peace at any price. You must view peace in its proper perspective. Do not give up one bit of the priceless heritage of liberty which we have helped to preserve. Accept and discharge your responsibilities to civilization as the unreluctant world leaders of those who are willing to fight to protect this liberty. And, if by these actions you enjoy peace in your time, let it be the welcome product of fair dealing, hard work, sound planning and a readiness to fight against

Their hope: Someday, may there be a meeting at the summit, which shall become as everlastingly important to humanity as the sermon on the mount. Finally, the spirts of these undying dead pray: "Please God, may our ship of state sail on and on in a world, forever at peace."

Thank you. (reprinted from the Congressional Record, 2.20.67)

(Gen. David M. Shoup was Commandant of the Marine Corps & member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from 1960-63. He retired)





INTRA-DEPARTMENT COMBUNICATION BRATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT

a memorable fancy..... part 2

Sunday evening: after a lot of Thurber changes and a few Kafka ones, the Edmundson Pavilion Light Show and Dance occurred.

Spent the afternoon toying with my frame of reference and listening to the new lp by the Grateful Dead: I had : decided that if the groups didn't work I was going to : forget this article and go back to my record player. Wandered around campus till I finally found the pavilion and, with the aid of a kindly student body, went in.

The Chrome Syrcus, Weather Report and all, had been there and gone. There were only two long sets and part of a third from dark to midnight.

Then the Fern came on. And on and on. I sat down, closed my eyes, and started to watch my heart and lungs pulsate to the lead guitar. Some ass next to me felt compelled to explain, in the middle of Solar Plexus, that they were really Good. His companion was sceptical: "If : they're so good, what are they doing in Seattle?" I got up and moved.

Percussion is usually the weakest part of a rock group --- there were no sincere country blues drummers 3 or 4 years ago --- but the Fern's drummer not only creates on : stage, he composes some of their best material.

The Extemporaneous on last. Rock audiences are, unfortunately, not really jazz oriented; but if Lloyd and Handy play at the Fillmore, it may catch on. As it was, they really couldn't capture an audience that had just finished a day of amplified guitar. I was unable to give them an honest listening; the change was just too much.

After the bands had gone, a couple of people grabbed up oil drums and started pounding happily. Everybody who wanted to, got in (as many as three on a drum with one more managing a hit now and then) and the rest danced.

It was the climax of the evening -- the drumming was only a framework; people were grooving behind people.

John C.

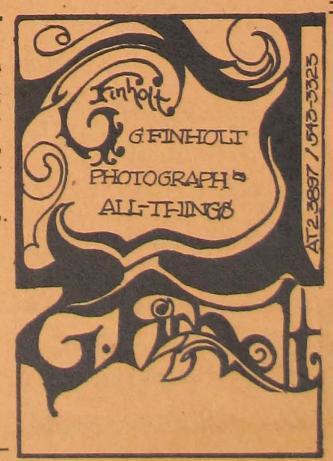
DIGGERS (cont. from p.12)

Freedom is everything and all is Love, Love, Love. . . because that's what you

I'm still in favor of the Haight-Ashbury, of the Hippie communities in general, of any place where people can be free to do and say and wear what they want without being persecuted by stupid rules that have no reason for existence but the fear of what's strange, what's different. We've got to keep tring. Otherwise we might just as well drop back in, build one enormous superbomb, and drop it on ourselves.

But the idea of a community isn't just one person being free, it's everybody. If it's only one, then his freedom makes a prison for everyone else. Hitler was free. I isn't just freedom from police harrassment, from the draft, from the rules of a diseased society, even from hunger and cold. It's free dom from the carkness inside, too, from fear, and hatred, from greed & psychic pain. It's us being free from those things in ourselves and others, and it's other people being free from those things in us. It's everybody working to make things good for one another, because we want to live in a world where people are good to one another, happy with each other.

Nobody's perfect. For that matter, the Diggers aren't perfect either. They do a lot of good things. (Yes, they do, and no membership fee, either.) But there are some pretty funny ego-games going on there, just as there are in any group of human beings on earth. But they may be on the right track, because one thing is sure. Love isn't something you say, it's what you do.



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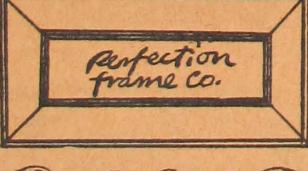
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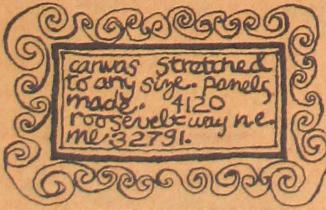
Hey Liz Baby-Free U guru has your shoes HU6-9452

Flowerpotlatchisness-In. Volunteer Park, Sunday the 30th of April. In the afternoon......

OCS Victory Celebration Light-Show Dance, Eagle's Auditorium Sunday the 7th of may. Check the time in the 2nd page notice

May Day Celebration, F.S.P. April 29th, 8:00 P.M., Freeway Hall, 3815 5th NE.....







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Avail yourself of JAZZ type information monthly & help the local jazz scene by joining the SJS call Beth Mandel MU2-0527 Barbara Ultican EA3-6202

DEAD OR ALIVE: SIX(6) FUGITIVE INVESTORS WITH \$5000 TO SPONSOR a jazz festival in Seattle this coming September. The Cancer Society and other groups are interested but have backed out. An element of risk is involved. This sort of dollar-people gives away large sums to Katims, the Rep and the opera --- a civic duty with social prestige fringe benefits --- yet insist that jazz artists make them a profit. Here is a chance for some money heads to color themselves hip. Hard cash is not required --- just a guarantee in case of loss --- and, of course, the possibility of making a profit exists. A two-day jazz festival at the Center, with afternoon and evening performances, original compositions, major artists, supplemented by the best Northwest talent would tell the world that Seattle is maybe starting to get with it. Call Sunny Buxton or Irving Clark of the Seattle Jazz Society.





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the happenings



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